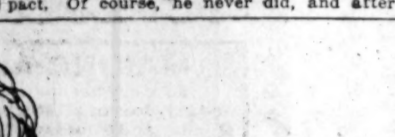


SHE EXPECTED TO MARRY HIM.

er face would attract attention on the



Olive and Sixth Streets.

of it all that my pencil refuses to be guided

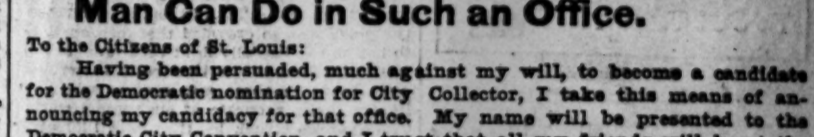
THEIR RIVAL ENJOINED.

Majestic Manufacturing Co. Wins Its Case in the Circuit Court.

The Majestic Manufacturing Co. secured

Friday afternoon in company with Frank J. Lauber, the engineer of the ill-fated train. Lauber's condition was not serious and he was allowed to go to his home, 2308 St. Vincent avenue.

The two were brought in from the scene of the wreck yesterday afternoon, arriving



ers. About the same time the Wrought Iron Co. re-entered the field and, according to the application, partially prevented the em-

Round the curve the express bounded, the headlights cutting a path of fire in the night's mist. The woman's eyes were fixed on the car ahead, her babies on her breasts. The card game in the smoker was quiet, the men's faces pale with the busy thought of anything save their work. But the "cagle eye" of old Lauber saw it all.

business record in this city. I am willing to be judged, and to stand or fall on that showing. The man who cannot meet such a test has no claim

The "Banker, Merchant and Manufacturer" Pays Him a High Tribute—The Clipping:

beside me if you were mine. No other woman on earth, no matter how lovely she

"Darling, you take up so thoroughly all my love that other women have not the time to love me. The heart of the prince is all taken up by my great love for my darling one. I leave the rest to the world."

Co. Quite recently, however, he sold out his interest in this business and

ran to the baggage car and luckily found a dozen of Tony Faust's oyster buckets. The heads of these were knocked in and a line formed down the steep bank to the river.

One man stood waist deep in water and started the chain. The work was kept up vigorously for half an hour. Meanwhile others threw hand grenades and succeeded in blowing up the bridge.

SPECIAL JURY LAW.

that sum in this year's bill. When the item was reached an attack was made on the board and the item stricken from the bill.

A relief train reached the scene about 10 o'clock and carried the injured men to Kansas City, where they were treated. Lull-

man, however, soon became unconscious, and has remained so ever since. It was not until 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon that the track was sufficiently cleared for the belated passengers to get through to St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars
On all through trains.

Corbett Does an Involuntary "Split"

ROOMS FOR RENT.

ROOM--Lady, employed, wants unfurnished room, with stove or use of kitchen preferred, or would like lady rooming in house, central; same price. A 440, this office.

ROOM--Wanted, nicely furnished room in home of widow, by quiet couple; no other roomers. A 4, M 440, this office.

ROOM--Wanted, young widow having one furnished room to rent in the vicinity of New York St. A 4, M 440, this office.

MARCH, THE MONTH WHICH USHERS IN THE GLAD SPRINGTIDE.



WINTER MAKES HIS EXIT, FAIR SPRING ENTERS, THE BIRDS MATE, THE WIND BLOWS THE COY MAIDEN'S SKIRTS.

A COURTSHIP IN MUSIC.

HOW THE TENOR WOODED AND
WON THE SOPRANO WITH-
OUT SAYING A WORD.

They were both members of the church choir, she the soprano and he the tenor. As a matter of course they saw a great deal of each other, and it was not at all strange that in course of time Charles began to have a more than friendly regard for the fair Clara. He always took her

home from rehearsals and from church Sunday evenings, and after a while he began to spend a great many evenings in Clara's parlor. In fact, before many months had passed by he could very truthfully sing:

"EVERY SUNDAY DOWN TO HER HOME WE GO."
One day Charles took counsel with himself and determined that he must know his fate, and that he would, that very evening, declare his love and ask the fair Clara to be his. With this purpose in mind he dressed with unusual care and by 8 o'clock he was seated in Clara's parlor. Then his courage began to fail. He could talk of

everything but the one subject that was uppermost in his mind. They discussed politics, baseball and religion until the hour grew late, and Charles realized that unless he spoke pretty soon he would have to postpone it until another evening. A bright idea occurred to him. Stepping to the piano he looked eloquently at Clara while he played, with much feeling:

"WON'T YOU BE MY SWEETHEART? I LOVE YOU."
Clara caught on immediately, but she didn't say so. Girls must be a little coy, you know, and Clara was just an ordinary girl. So she merely let her eyelashes droop, fixed her gaze on a spot on the Brussels carpet and said never a word. Charles felt that he had better go on with the deal,

so he turned again to the piano, and played:
"TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME! ANSWER SOFTLY, SWEETLY, AS OF OLD!"
This seemed to have some effect on the coy maiden. She grasped her mandolin, which was lying on the piano, and timidly played:

"I CANNOT LEAVE THE OLD FOLKS NOW; WE'D BETTER HIDE A WEE!"
Charles felt somewhat encouraged. What he heard assured him that Clara did not desire him to change the subject, but merely intended to hint that she was in no

hurry to quit the parental roof. But Charles didn't want to wait. He wanted to get settled in life and have a home of his own, for the fare at his boarding-house was waxing worse and worse. So he played:

"O, PROMISE ME!"
Clara's first reply had been a bluff, anyhow, and she now decided she had better not work it any further. She was really as fond of Charles as he was of her, so the mandolin was again brought into use. This time she played:

"SWEETHEART, MY OWN SWEETHEART."

The courtship went on smoothly after that, and a short time afterward the organist of the church where Charles and Clara sang took his seat one evening and played the familiar strain:

BRIDAL CHORUS FROM LOHENGRIN.
This last event happened a little less than a year ago, yet anyone who chances to pass by the house where Charles and Clara now live is likely to hear a sweet soprano voice singing:

"ROCK-A-BYE, BABY, IN THE TREE-TOP."

"What's the Use?"
"Big Charlie," who holds forth at Wynn's, at Jefferson avenue and Olive street, and who has a cherubic countenance rivaling that of "Baby" Nicholas, is the author of a phrase quite the equal in apices of the old saying about carrying coal to Newcastle, where they have coal to burn. "Big Charlie" beams down on his customers with such a plethora of bonhomie that everybody feels like asking him to have a drink. A hundred times a day—yes, two hundred—he is urged by friends and acquaintances to "take something."
Charles only heaves the move, but almost invariably he refuses—a proceeding that would cause the barkeep to lose his job in a matter of minutes.
"What's the use," says Charlie, "of throwing apples into an orchard, or of asking a conductor to take a ride?"
This question puts such a ridiculous aspect on the situation that everybody laughs, and a health to Charlie usually ends the matter.

**A Story of Love and Jealousy in the Days When
St. Louis Was a Trading Post.**

"HIS SMILING FACE LAY AGAINST THE GREEN OF THE SOD."

proverbal that persons in love do not wisely consider their stand-point.

"Ah!" ejaculated Marie, excitedly.

"You are too near the edge, p'tend," said the owner of the hand that crept about her waist.

"I won't dare!"

"You will fall, Marie," was said gently.

"Not touch me, I say!"

"I'll not," holding stiller his arm.

"Step back!"

"I must then take you with me,"

"Leave me alone, then, Marie!"

"And let you drop in the river?"

"I can take care of myself."

"The head of the river, then we will

and saw you all by yourself. I sprang up the rock I was so glad, then you flashed angry eyes at me. What have I done?"

"Did you follow?"

"I did not follow you. I was coming along the sand below, down from Roy's Lour and saw you."

"Ah! It was accidental," thought Marie, and he did not know then why she was there; did not know that she came out to meet a cavalier who had not the grace to appear.

"That case; well, of course."

"You could have come to our house."

"But I cannot talk before so many."

The head of the river, then we will

those whose plans reach out and compass all
That man holds dear. No time has he to
dream, and still he answers duty's call
That he is ever listening to. He answers
promptly, "Life is work."

"What is life?" I ask the sage, whose days
are gliding like a stream
To join the ocean of life's end. His life
lies all behind him now:
The world has lost its charm for him. He
puts a thin hand to his brow,
And seems to muse a while, and then he
answers sadly, "Life is a dream."

GEORGE FERRISMAN

HOW PUNY BOARDERS AT THE
POLICE STABLES ARE RE-
STORED TO HEALTH.

IN EXTREMIS.

he situation, this system has resulted in the saving of thousands of dollars to the Police Department, for every horse in its condition is saved.

At the Mounted Police Stables, which are considered to be the finest in the United States, the horses are not apart, especially for the treatment of sick horses. Besides this there are two inclosed pastures of twenty acres each, for the riding all summer. In addition to these accommodations there are two stalls in the old Mounted Police stable, 233-1/2 Laclede avenue. In the rear of the Seventh District Police Station, and a commodious pen in the rear of the Department blacksmith shop, across the street.

By reason of these various places the horses are guaranteed comfort in any kind

I have drunk from many streamlets where
The water was so pure and rare
And have listened to the mocking bird,
The bob-o-link and thrush;
But I never drank such music as the kid
sang out last night,
While rompin' round the room by the bright
firelight.

For there was music in his laughter,
There was joy within his breast—
There was peace within his soul when he
laid him down to rest,
And my heart was lighter as the lighter as I
wandered home last night,
I thinking how a little kid could make the
world so bright.

I never see a kid, somehow, when walking
"Till the stars are out and clear
But what I watch his little face and
the patter of his feet
And it seems to me if I could have his
choice of many things,
I'd rather be a kid again than chieft among
the king.

Jan. 21, 1902. J. KERSHAW.

Maj. John S. Mellon's Wonderful Discovery—Copper Rivets in the Shoes Prevent Jags.

“I don't want to drink more whiskey. This belief put him in the proper frame of mind to stand up to the temptation of the bottle. He was not keyed up to the proper pitch. The mental condition has much to do with it. The gentleman believed that he could drink more whiskey in a light suit than in a dark one. He was probably right. If his faith is strong enough to last, his rivets will probably do the inventor good. They would be a good deal better than the rivets of men who had faith enough in them.

I hardly think the discovery will revolutionize the world.

Ragged Ruggles was walking his beat on Third Street last night. He was a regular sight. “I'm so hungry I can't think,” said the old man, as he shuffled along. “I'm so hungry I can't think,” he said again and again.

While he was waiting for a car on the next corner he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was a friendly hand. “You've got a good idea,” said the man. “If you'll let me see a sketch I'll go and buy some more rivets right now. You'll win a fortune.”

